Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well prooued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'fayth I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweeteſt Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He standes aside. *The King entreth.*

King. Ay mee!

Be. Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

But

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will
My teares for glasses, and still make me
O Queene of queenes, how farre dooſt th
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mo
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop
Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he co

Enter Longauill.

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.
Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one mor
Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne.
Berow. Why he comes in like a periure
Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship
Ber. One drunkard loues an other of th
Long. Am I the first that haue been per
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hange
Long. I feare these stubborne lines lack
O sweete *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in p
Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton C
Disfigure not his Shop.
Long. This same shall go. *He r*

Did not the heauenly Rethorique o
Gainst whom the world cannot hold
Persuade my hart to this false periuri
Vowes for thee broke deserue not pun
A Woman I forswore, but I will prou
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore no
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauen
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disg
Vowes are but breath, and breath a va
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my
Exhalst this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not so
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?
Bero. This is the lyuer veine, which mak

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